Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, MARCH 26, 1903. NUMBER 4

BOOKS ABOUT EMERSON.

Alcott, A. Bronson. Life of Emerson. $1.00.

Cabot, James Eliot. Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson. 2 v. $3.50.

Carlyle, Thomas, & Emerson, R. W. Correspondence between. 2 v. $3.00.

Chapman, John Jay. Emerson and other essays. $1.25.

Conway, Moncure Daniel. Emerson at home and abroad. $1.50.

Cooke, George Willis. His life, writings, and philosophy. $2.00.

Emerson, Edward Waldo. Emerson in Concord. $1.75.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Letters and passages from letters to a friend, 1838-1853. Ed. by Charles Eliot Norton. $1.00.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, & Sterling, John. Correspondence between, with a sketch of Sterling's life by E. W. Emerson. $1.00.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Ralph Waldo Emerson. (American men of letters.) $1.25.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Failures—*Elizabeth C. Cardozo* ..... *v*
Notes 51
hood—R. F. J. 52
hood—R. F. S. 52
The New Doctrine of Labor—O. L. T. .....
Meetings of the Congress of Religion at San Jose 54

CORRESPONDENCE.

Personnel of the Los Angeles Congress—VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS 55
The Conqueror—Oliver H. P Smith 55

PAGE.

Emerson—Edward Dowden 57
Emerson the Poet—WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH 57

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Chapter XXIII—Profanity—W. L. SHELDON 59

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes—E. P. P. 61

THE FIELD.

Chicago—All Souls Church 61
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. .....
Books Received 62

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Lady Rose's Daughter

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Latest Novel.
A Masterpiece of English Literature.

Price, $1.50

Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903. NUMBER 4

Failures.

We met them on the common way,
They passed and gave no sign—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph, not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.

Elizabeth C. Cardoza.

The poem which heads our editorial column this week first appeared in the *Century Magazine* and was sent to UNITY by a classmate of Sidney Morse in the Antioch College days. He says: "I thought you would perhaps publish it inscribed to the memory of Sidney Morse and other men and women like him." Yet another friend writes in a private note: "Mr. Morse's large bust of Emerson was finished, though not to his satisfaction. Edward Emerson, I believe, calls it good, but not so good as his little bust." After all, the victory may have been won even in this life, and an achievement may have been reached that most of us must die without realizing.

In his little book on "The Boy Problem," Rev. W. B. Forbush takes the position that the child should be the center of the life of the church; that is, that the religious and moral nurture of the young is the chief work of the church. The recent convention of workers for "The Religious Education of the Young," held in this city, emphasized the importance of this side of the work of the church. Preaching to people of mature mind on the highest themes upon which that mind can be fixed, discussing the most perplexing of social problems—this is the work to which the minister has heretofore thought himself chiefly called. Such preaching has its place in the work of the church; but in most churches one such sermon per Sunday is better than two, and the second or evening service, as Mr. Forbush says, would better take the form of a less formal meeting of the pastor with his young people at which he shall not preach to them so much as teach them, leading forth, which is the true conception of education, their spiritual natures.

Are women less honest than men? This question is raised by the fact that on "Ladies' Day" at the Chicago Athletic Club there disappeared over 200 spoons marked with the name of the club, some 237 sprigs of artificial decoration made for permanent use at the club, large numbers of miniature vases and bric-a-brac, the property of the club. They were not taken in large quantities by the servants or by any one else. They vanished by piecemeal. It is significant that a similar experience occurs on every "Ladies' Day" and rarely is anything taken at other times. The keepers of the fashionable restaurants in the big dry goods stores, frequented almost wholly by women, report the constant loss of china and napkins. It seems a fair inference that these articles are taken by the society women out of a desire to add to their collections.

In matters of large trust women are perhaps more honest than men. They are not so likely to embezzlement and defalcation on a large scale; they would scorn to use up trust funds belonging to widows and orphans as do many men. On the other hand, few men would take a single spoon, but they might take a basketful. They are not so likely to petty pecadilloes as are women. Two hundred women will each take one of two hundred spoons, where the spoons would be safe with two hundred men. Perhaps the explanation is that each woman thinks her own little "borrowing" or "taking" is too little to be of any account, or she puts the transaction on the ground of a lady's privilege and thinks the men should be gallant enough to allow such taking without question; that it is "too mean for anything" in the men to think of such small matters.

Every citizen of Illinois should use his influence to have the new Industrial School for Boys at St. Charles receive the appropriation from the State called for by its friends. Though the sum may seem large, yet it is economy in the end to give it, because thus the State will be spared the expense of taking care of a large class of criminals which will surely come to exist unless these young delinquents, for whom the school is designed, are not saved at once from their lawlessness. But, beyond the economic feature, the school should receive a hearty support for the sake of the boys themselves, whose only salvation lies in being taken from the streets and from the homes which are no real homes and reared among better conditions. Every reader of UNITY who lives in Illinois should bring the pressure of his influence to bear on the representatives of his district in the Legislature to give their votes to the needed appropriation. This should be done at once by interviews and personal letters. The same support should also be given to the bill for the better regulation of child labor. We elect our legislators and then leave them to legislate, guided only by their personal feeling or by public opinion as it is represented or misrepresented by interested lobbyists or an inefficient press. If citizens would only take pains to let their legislators know what they want for laws and would interest themselves in reformatory measures as much as if their own fortunes were directly involved, there would be no difficulty in getting needed legislation. It is wonderful what a few

personal letters to the lawmakers will accomplish. It is equally wonderful how few such letters they get.

The same kind of misrule that Gladstone denounced in his great agitation on behalf of Bulgaria a quarter of a century ago is still practiced in Macedonia today. The *London Daily News* and the *London Times* have had harrowing accounts recently of the reign of terror prevailing in the northern districts of that province. The correspondent of the *Times,* by no means a Turcophobe, gives several instances of the oppression exercised by the Turks:

The attitude of the Mahometan overlord was well expressed by the Turkish general whom he quotes as saying: "We do not wish to destroy the Bulgarians, but to have them to work for us." "It is a common thing," he declares, "for Bulgarians to be forced to plough the lands of rich Turks, to draw their wood from the mountains, and otherwise to serve them. An official having in his hands the tax-list has revenged refusals to do such work by increasing on his list the amount of tax required." But illegal exactions of this kind are the least of the miseries that the Christian Slav has to endure. Turks may at their pleasure murder Christians, insult their wives, abduct their daughters, despoil their houses, and seize their lands; there is no law to punish these crimes, which are of every-day occurrence in Macedonia, as in Armenia. Take a single incident related by the *Times* correspondent:

A young woman of Razlog, who had been kidnapped by Turks, refused to become a Mahometan wife. This led to the imprisonment of many Bulgarians, to the flight of a whole family over the mountains into Bulgaria, the murder of a relative, and the imprisonment of two companions of the murdered man, after the Turkish officials had forced them to sign a written certificate that they themselves were the murderers.

The Macedonians have evidently nothing to lose by revolution. They could not be worse off and they might be better. Revolution is sometimes a human necessity and a divine duty.

How peace may be brought about in the world of industry by arbitration of differences has been strikingly shown in the late agreement entered into by the mine operators and miners in the coal regions of Illinois. The points in dispute were serious; the operators said it was impossible to yield to the demands of the miners. It looked at one time during the conference as if the whole coal industry in the West was to be demoralized by a general strike similar to that of last year in the anthracite fields. But better counsel prevailed. Perhaps the lessons of that great strike were too plain to be disregarded. A way was found to do what it had been said could not be done. Mutual concessions were made and peace is now assured for another period. Demands impossible to be granted may be made by workingmen. But generally, when an employer says he cannot grant certain concessions, he really means that he will not grant them or does not wish to grant them. Before the investigation of the Coal Commission appointed by President Roosevelt ended, Mr. Baer offered voluntarily to make certain concessions to the miners which, at the outset of the strike, he said could not be given. His subsequent offer shows that he merely meant he did not wish to grant them. The coal operators said they would not arbitrate their differences with the miners; yet they did arbitrate when they were compelled to. It is said that compulsory arbitration will not work; but the Commission was a result of compulsion. By the force of public opinion the operators were compelled to arbitrate; they were compelled as much as if the Commission had been appointed under a State or Federal law. Here is a case where compulsory arbitration did operate; for it ended the strike and set the miners at work and supplied the country with coal. It was a case where nothing but compulsion would work. After all, compulsory arbitration is simply the extending of the reign of law into the realm of industry.

The Religion of Manhood Versus the Religion of Childhood.

It needs but a little thought to reveal the fact that religion, and even Christianity, has in the main been pitched to the key of childhood. It has been formulated on childish lines to fit childish natures.

The child conceives God as an enlarged and powerful man, who from some locality outside the world watches over human beings, sometimes interfering with the course of their lives to help or hinder, to punish or reward. The general teaching of Christendom regarding the nature of God has been much on a plane with this. It has taught men to look up into heaven for God, to localize him, to make him a Judge or a Ruler outside the world. It has not laid stress on the idea of God as immanent Spirit. The aim of the child is selfish; it is concerned with getting some satisfaction for itself. So Christianity, as presented, has made the saving of one's own soul the supreme object of the religious life. The child is filled with the spirit of fear; it fears strangers, the dark, the unknown. It is largely governed by fear. Popular Christianity has also appealed to men's fears, the fear of God's wrath, the fear of penalty for wrong-doing. The religious life is to be embraced chiefly to escape the wrath to come. Again the child is a creature of emotions; he is guided not by reason, but by feeling. The church in its methods has appealed to men on the side of their feelings; it has judged the depth of religious experience by one's agony over his sins, his fear of being lost, or his joy at being saved. Once more the child is governed by arbitrary authority; it is told to obey without asking for reasons. So the church has too often made religion a matter of arbitrary rules to be obeyed without question as to their authority. It has said, "Here is a Divine Book; accept it without question." "Here is a creed; bind yourself by it."

In the main popular Christianity has, in aim, in motive, in method and in its conception of God, adapted itself to the plane of childhood. It has made personal salvation its aim, fear its motive, emotionalism and dogmatic authority its methods. Do we not find here the reasons why it has come into disrepute with so many thoughtful people and why they have become divorced from the church? Does this not prove the need of a higher conception of religion, a formulation of it along the lines which appeal to the mature mind? Now, what does this involve? A complete change in method, aim and motive.

As compared with childhood, manhood means self-realization, the full development of one's powers. So

religion, to attract strong men, must hold up the ideal, not of escape from a doom, but of the highest self-realization. Further, the change from childhood to manhood involves a passage from selfishness to altruism; a recognition that one's life is not for himself alone, but that he belongs to a social order for whose welfare he must work; that he must sink himself and his merely selfish aims in this social order. Hence, religion must take the form of social service—the effort not merely to save one's self, but to save the world.

As children come to manhood they recognize the existence of new and higher motives. The commanding worth of certain ideals becomes apparent; duty, truth, honor, righteousness are seen to have supreme worth. Reward and penalty, as governing motives, recede into the background. The noblest men ask merely what is right, what is honorable, what does duty demand, and finding the truth that commands them, though it leads them to death or to loss of standing or reputation. In other words, love replaces fear as the dominant motive; love of goodness and truth, which is love of God. This is the difference between the religion of the Old Testament and of the New. The Old Covenant sums up religion in the words, "Fear God and keep his commandments." The New says, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Judged broadly, the Old Testament is set to the plane of childhood and the New to the plane of the higher manhood.

The man is not satisfied to bow down to arbitrary authority; he seeks to find some reason for a law before he will submit to it. Neither Holy Book, nor Holy Creed, nor Holy Church will enlist his obedience merely because it claims to be holy and authoritative, but only when it can show in itself good reason for its claim. The Bible, the Creed, the Church will be received by him as true only so far as they commend themselves to his sense of truth. The religion of manhood must appeal to the conscience and the enlightened judgment as the supreme arbiters of right and truth. In the same way, with emergence from childhood, the feelings become subordinate to the will and the intellect. The worth of life is judged not by feeling, but by action, by accomplishment. So the religion of manhood differs from that of childhood in making conduct, not emotionalism, the true test of its worth.

The race in its childhood demanded methods and ideas suited to it. Perhaps there are many men at present who are still living upon the plane of childhood and only a religion suited to childhood will appeal to them. But as children are developed not by sticking always to the ideals and methods of childhood, but by using those which are beyond the child to lead him forth to something better and higher, so the religion demanded today is that which appeals to the higher consciousness—the religion of manhood. It must make social service and self-realization its aim; love and the commanding worth of righteousness its motives; education not revivalism, reason not arbitrary authority, its methods. This is the only way to bring man to his highest development and save the world.

He who studies the teachings of Jesus carefully will see that his was the religion of manhood. He broke with the religion of the Old Testament, the religion of the Law, in aim, motive and method. Popular Christianity has too often forgotten the teaching of its Founder and gone back to the religion of the Law. It has not even risen to the height of the ancient Hebrew prophets. What the world needs now is a religion pitched to the key of manhood as interpreted by Jesus. The Christian church is slowly feeling its way toward this end, changing its methods and appealing to higher motives. The psychological difference between childhood and manhood will furnish the guide to the best and truest religion. R. F. J.

The New Doctrine of Labor.

If it be true, as political economists assert, that an industrial civilization is now forming, it becomes pertinent to inquire what attitude it is proper to assume towards labor—towards that which is necessarily central in such a civilization. It is manifestly impossible to build up a civilization on the basis of labor as it exists in the world today. If labor is to be a factor in civilization it must be itself a civilizing agency. No one can be so blind to existing conditions as to assert that labor at the present time is anything but a sordid makeshift, without character and without meaning. The questions now which arise in the mind are these: Is there an ideal of labor humanistic in its import? Is there a form of labor cultural in its results?

The theological doctrine of labor is probably everywhere outgrown—the doctrine that labor is a curse, inflicted upon mankind for disobedience and sin. In the middle ages the theological interpretation of life coincided with the system of political feudalism then forming, and a social civilization came into being in which the work of the world was given over to slaves and underlings, the masters meanwhile maintaining a culture graced with special privileges, highly ornate and ceremonial, fashioned upon leisure.

Political feudalism was destroyed by the many revolutions in Europe at the turn of the century. While these revolutions were nominally political they were in reality industrial. The French Revolution initiated the present industrial system. This system is purely materialistic, taking its rise in the general skepticism and rationalism of the eighteenth century. Labor lost its stigma; it rose to the position of a commodity. Economic considerations determined its value. The nexus between master and man ceased to be personal, feudal, religious, or political, and came to be impersonal, economic, and mathematical. Work was undertaken from necessity—the degree of necessity being measured by the wage. The present industrial order is therefore based upon material goods and properties. There is no spiritual principle present anywhere in it. Labor, viewed as a commodity, as something for which a price is paid, is simply an incident in an exchange which is formal, brutal, without sentiment, without the spirit of service, and with no cultured attachments or rewards of any sort. The struggle in the industrial world is between those who have and those who have not. The ordinary laborer accepts the materialistic valuation of his services and strikes for the only thing which has worth in his eyes—a higher wage, a reward, that is, in terms of property. His demand is quanti-

tative, and is, of course, of the same kind as the quantitative civilization he helps to maintain.

The word civilization has been employed here, but the term is quite inappropriate. Civilization refers to a certain quality of life and not to an accumulation of goods. It would seem that if the industrial system is to endure it must change its character to harmonize with the ideals of those humanistic philosophers who have conceived of a culture suitable for an aspiring and spiritual race. To accomplish this change it will be necessary to promulgate a new doctrine of labor and to effect a revolution in the character of labor itself. Must labor always be measured materially by alien standards? May it not have spiritual rewards? May it not find its value in itself? May not life become expressive—may not labor, that is, be conducted in the line of one's own life? Why should education be always leisuristic? Is it not possible for work to be cultural? May it not even be religious? Might it not gather to itself the sentiments which humanize and civilize?

The new doctrine of labor was enunciated first of all in England by Carlyle. In its simplest form it stands on his pages thus: "It is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is able to do in this universe." Work, as to its import, is character, knowledge, power, life. "He that has done nothing has known nothing." Thus understood, when regarded as having cultural rewards, work becomes perverted the moment it demands a wage and falls under bondage to Mammon. "The wages of every noble work," said Carlyle, "do yet lie in Heaven, or else nowhere."

These statements of Carlyle were elaborated by his pupil Ruskin and realized in practice by Ruskin's pupil Morris. But apart from a relatively small number of workshops here and there, it must be confessed the doctrine of "labor as a pleasure in itself" is practically inoperative in the modern world. Yet it is the ideal which must inform the world if advance is to be made in the direction of a rational industrial civilization. By its application alone, by the changes wrought in the character and substance of labor itself, will it be possible to escape the materialism of present day commerce and its soul-destroying wage-slavery.

If a change in our attitude toward work and a change in the nature of the work itself—if these changes can at once be effected, the two claims now made by employees of employers for a higher wage and a shorter day will be rendered nugatory. If the rewards of labor can be attached to labor itself, if it should not be necessary on the one hand to search for a culture outside of one's employments, and on the other hand to consider an equivalent for labor in another medium, the main objects for which labor unions exist and on account of which strikes are entered upon would become secondary and unimportant. In accepting a wage as the measure of efficiency, in demanding rewards in forms of property, the labor unions are in truth subjecting themselves to the bondage of economic materialism and are losing such advantages as might come from a spiritual interpretation of life. The struggle for higher wages is one thing—the motive being purely materialistic and selfish; the struggle to be freed from wage slavery altogether is quite another thing and must involve a certain idealistic perception. If the struggle for property continues as insistent as it now is there is nothing but strife and eventually revolution to look forward to. If an evolutionary advance is to be expected, improvement must arise from a change in direction and an acceptance of a new point of view. For again real improvement is qualitative and not quantative. Will the Chicago teachers who recently joined the Federation of Labor materialize their own function and motives by accepting the economic doctrine of labor, or will they help to educate and spiritualize this body by upholding a new doctrine of labor and disclosing the play of a social motive?

O. L. T.

The Meeting of The Congress of Religion at San Jose.

THE CALL.

The meeting of the Congress of Religion to be held in San Jose today in the auditorium of the Unitarian Church will not be under the auspices of any denomination, but under the direction of the following committee. With this understanding, it is stated in a circular convening the meeting, we hereby indicate our willingness to co-operate and accept the duty of selecting a chairman and vice-chairman to preside at the different sessions.

The summons is signed by Joel Bean, Minister of the Quaker Meeting; H. Melville Tenney, Pastor Congregational Church; L. O. Herrold, Pastor Christian Church; W. E. Crouser, Pastor English Lutheran Church; Edwin F. Brown, pastor Methodist Centennial Church, and N. A. Haskell.

Prof. Rockwell D. Hunt, principal of the High School, has been selected to preside at the afternoon session.

There will be a session at 2:30 in the afternoon and another at 7:30 p. m. A general invitation is extended to the public to attend the sessions. At the opening of the afternoon meeting Jenkin Lloyd Jones will define the purpose of the Congress of Religions. Rev. H. Melville Tenney of the Congregational Church of this city will speak upon "Christianity and the Ethnic Religions." Dr. R. Heber Newton will be heard for the first time in this city at the afternoon meeting. He will speak concerning "The Harmonies of Scholarship, or the Unities of Knowledge." Dr. H. W. Thomas of Chicago will speak upon "The Common Hopes of Humanity, or the Harmonies of the Universal Faith." Anagarita Dharmapala from Ceylon, representing Buddhism, and Swami Ram will be present at both sessions.

The announcements for the evening session are an address from Dharmapala on "The Positive Truths of Buddhism" and an address from Jenkin Lloyd Jones. His topic will be "The Overlapping Territory, or the Common Duties of the Sects."

Judge J. R. Lewis will preside at the evening session.

The management states that some local musicians have promised to aid in giving a good programme of music at each session.

The above call was issued to a meeting of the Congress of Religion to be held in San Jose on the afternoon and evening of March 18. For an account of the meeting we clip from the San Jose *Mercury:*

A large concourse of people thronged the Unitarian church at both meetings, exhausting the seating capacity. Rev. R. Heber Newton dealt in an incisive and forceful manner with the "Harmonies of Scholarship." Dr. Newton was the moving energetic spirit of the afternoon session, and when he read from the gospel of St. John the apostle's definition of love and added his own conception of the scope and meaning of the word: "God is love. Where love is, God is. Where God is, there is love; and if I find love in the heart of that Buddhist, or that Unitarian, or that Methodist, or that Presbyterian, or that Anglican, I shall know that God is there." The great audience, made up as it was of the orthodox of all denominations, almost rose in their seats and applauded. The address, though a notable one, possessed an excessively small measure of comfort for the hide-bound patron of sectarianism, but as there are few of those in this twentieth century, it is safe to presume that few were offended on that score. Nor, on the whole, could any reasonable orthodox gentleman find in any of the addresses delivered the smallest excuse upon which to hang a complaint. The spirit of the gathering was brotherhood. Dr. Thomas prayed God that

all men would so broaden their conceptions of God and religion that no race or denomination would be excluded from their affections. He believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He belonged to all denominations.

Christianity is the gainer by these Congresses of Religion. They have the effect of lifting men's minds out of the old grooves of thought and of anchoring more firmly if possible the faiths of all people. For, as Dr. Newton explained, Christianity has survived not because it possesses any particularly distinctive virtues not possessed by other religions, but because it possesses the best that has been found in all religions.

Dr. Tenney's paper was a masterly discussion of the relations between Christianity and the ethnic religions. He showed the different ways of dealing with these other religions, and dealt with the question of Christianity's attitude towards them in a liberal-minded way.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones defined the origin and purpose of the Congress and earnestly advocated the working in common of the overlapping territory of the sects. Men may keep their centers of creed, but they pay too much attention to the circumference. He thought more emphasis should be laid upon the harmonies and less upon the differences of the sects. Prof. R. D. Hunt, principal of the San Jose High School, occupied the chair. The invocation was offered by the Rev. W. E. Crouser.

In the evening a still larger audience gathered, chairs being brought into requisition in the aisles. Judge J. R. Lewis filled the position of chairman.

In his introductory remarks he said we are all traveling by different roads to reach the same ferry-boat which is to take us over the misty river. Our Christian civilization was built up by men who each thought they had the right road. All the roads, he said, lead to the same ferry. We shall all get there by whatever road. It is meet that we should get together and talk over these different roads and their common destination. The Judge said he expected to get there by the Methodist road, but if others had a big enough train to take us all aboard, all right. But the great lesson, as he understood it, of the Congress of Religion, was this: "For a' that, and a' that, it's coming, then, and a' that, when man to man the world o'er shall brothers be for a' that."

The proceedings began with the hymn, "Love divine, all love excelling," followed by an invocation by the Rev. Mr. Thompson. Mr. Dharmapala of Ceylon spoke on "The Teachings of Buddha." He said:

"The complete emancipation of man from prejudices and cruelties will come when the western world has learned more of the teachings of that great teacher, Buddha.

"Together with the common elements of air and light and other things, there is a divine element common in man, in all alike, heathen and civilized. The Brahminical religion, said to be only for the Brahminite, could not be the universal religion; it is territorial. Neither could the Parsee. But Buddhism is for all men. We must all come into the realization of a future to which we must all some day pass, and we must live lives of purity and righteousness and kindness here to fit us for that day."

Rev. N. A. Haskell preached an eloquent sermon on the Sunday evening preceding the Congress on "The Congress of Religion; Its Purpose and Its Spirit." He made some reference to the action of the Pastors' Union, which had declined the invitation of Dr. Newton to participate in the Congress. He gave a sketch of the Parliament of Religions and the present Congress which sprang from it. In closing he told a story given by Vivekananda at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago:

There was once a frog living in his well, who thought this the whole world and was very angry when told that the sea was larger than his well. He knew that nothing could be larger than his well. We are all like frogs in a well. We know nothing of the real world and can see only a bit of heaven above our little well. Vivekananda said: "I am a Hindu. I am sitting in my own little well, thinking the whole world is my little well. The Christian sits in his little well and thinks his little well is the whole world. I have to thank you of America," he said, "for the attempt you are making to break down the barriers of these little worlds of ours." We have to thank the disciples of these other faiths for helping to bring us Christians."

In our next issue we hope to begin printing some of the addresses which were given at the Los Angeles Congress. Sacramento, San Francisco and Tacoma, Wash., are among the places to be visited. Notice of the meetings there will come to the UNITY readers in due course.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Personnel of the Los Angeles Congress.

California is too much of an empire in size to hope for a delegated meeting at any point; hence it was thought best to make Los Angeles the center of the south. George N. Falconer, of Denver, who has aided on similar occasions, was fortunately on the coast and while we visited several points in the vicinity in the interest of the work, he remained in the city to look after local details. Had it not been for timely help from one so capable, it is likely there would have been a postponement, as Dr. Thomas' illness in San Diego, though slight, forbade too strenuous work.

Trains on the Southern Pacific were being reported one hundred hours late. Snow and ice, though slight for the north, were proving too much for the mild Mexicaner, and for a time it looked as if the editor of UNITY would be a belated member. However, our fears were allayed, and he arrived in time.

The opening meeting of the Congress was held in the Jewish Temple Sunday evening, March 8, Rabbi Hecht giving the welcoming word. The previous Friday evening he had devoted to the meaning of the Congress and its significance to the Jew—a message that was given in full by the press. Rabbi Hecht is a man of large scholarship, warm sympathy and open vision, and his cordial welcome made the visitors feel at once that they had come into their own. In no place of worship could we have felt more at home and been more heartily received.

Dr. Thomas gave the sermon on "The Harmonies of the Universal Faith; or, The Common Hopes of Humanity," Rev. S. G. Dunham, of Pasadena, leading in the opening exercises. Mr. Dunham is but a recent accession to the liberal forces of the coast, having come last fall from Massachusetts, and Pasadena may well be congratulated on its happy selection. One thing is certain, they will never hear an old sermon from him, for the barrels were all burned crossing the desert. He has a beautiful church in the heart of that gem of the coast; that hot-bed of flowers and fruits and multimillionaires. The latter, however, are largely confined to Orange Grove avenue and the mammoth hotels, but the flowers are everywhere.

The morning Dr. Thomas spoke for Mr. Dunham the church was radiant with bloom, great pots of callas and trailing vines covering pulpit and organ loft, yet the decorations were said to be below par that morning on account of the rain. When the people were dismissed half the congregation seemed to pour down in front of Dr. Thomas to tell him how he had married them, buried father or mother, wept over some sick child, or spoken words of hope and inspiration to a hungry heart. I shall not attempt to give the contents of the many good sermons, papers and articles that were given at the Congress; much will appear later in UNITY above the names of the speakers. Two sessions were held in the Women's Club House. Delegates to the Federation of Clubs last year will remember, nay, will never forget, this ideal home, where the ladies of Los Angeles so royally entertained their guests. It is of the mission architecture, the favorite of the coast. Rarely do we find a more perfect union of beauty and utility than is this woman's home of Los Angeles. It is instinct with communion and hospitality. The founder of women's clubs on the coast is still alive—Madame Caroline Severance—and, in her eighty-fourth year, is yet the most potent single factor in the social and civic life and liberal thought of the city.

She came here twenty-four years ago from Boston, where from youth up she had fellowshipped with the leaders of thought and reform in the East; stood side by side with the anti-slavery men and women, with

the suffragists, with those who advocated and adopted simple living, and to sane diet and fresh air she attributed her strength and great vitality. Nor are the reforms of today less vital to her than those of the past. The single-taxers, the socialists, the co-operators, all find in her an intelligent and enthusiastic advocate. Hence is it strange that the Congress of Religion appealed to her in its plea for broader unities and fellowship? It must always owe to her a debt of gratitude for counsel and support. She it was also who, with her co-workers, planned the pleasant reception to the visiting members from the East. Her paper, "A Bit of Personal Evolution," will appear in UNITY, and I take this opportunity to call the special attention of the reader to its interesting history. At its close Dr. Thomas as chairman shook hands with her for the audience and for all workers for humanity, past and present.

Rev. E. B. Watson, of the Unitarian Church at San Diego, opened the afternoon session Monday with an address on "The Perfect Whole in Religion." He had spent nearly three weeks in San Diego and felt by that time that Mr. Watson and his masterly help-meet belonged to us. It was in his pulpit that Dr. Thomas frightened the life out of one of the finest congregations on the slope. You have read in the papers that he fainted, but as soon as he came to he insisted that nothing of the kind had happened and that it was the rest of us who had made the commotion. Some one spoke of the carriage for him at the door, when he informed us that he was not going home "without getting at anything," and finish he did in his chair, speaking with great power. We can never forget the sympathy and love of that audience—enough, as the Doctor said the following Sunday, "to bring a dead man to life." Mr. Watson was a Methodist, studied on this side, then spent years abroad seeking the best that scholarship could give, and when he returned full of zeal for souls he was set aside to be examined by men who had not even collegiate training. As might be expected, he formed another tie, but scholarship, denomination and all are forgotten in the great warm, throbbing heart for humanity, and his address was the embodiment of that spirit.

When Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes was called out for discussion of the paper another surprise awaited us. She introduced a woman by the side of whom Madame Severance was a giddy girl,—Mrs. Rebecca Spring, "only ninety-one," she modestly said. Said the chairman: "Ninety-one! Well, well, we have reached a place at last where people never die!"

Mrs. Spring in response recited a bit from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia." She, like Madame Severance, was reared in that vital air of old New England, where to really live meant to stand for something, work for it, be it. She journeyed all the way from her home in New Jersey twice to visit John Brown while he was in prison, the last time being driven out by the sheriff, who feared the threatening mob. For three years Margaret Fuller found her home with her and for one year they traveled abroad together. This ninety-one-year-old club-woman is still alert, active, interested in reforms and abreast of the movements of the day.

One of the interesting addresses Monday afternoon was given by Dr. Yamie Kin on "The Faith of the Thinkers of China." She is a Chinese scholar and physician, but educated in English, and speaks fluently and with all the vivacity of an American woman. She is spending some time in this country lecturing and will be in Chicago soon. Dr. Charles Pease, Congregational pastor at Long Beach, closed the session on "The Unity of Revelation in Humanity." He has a wide reputation for ability and liberality and was among the first to welcome us to the coast and Dr. Thomas to his pulpit. The evening session was given to Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, and Dr. Geo. H. Gates, formerly of Grinnell, Iowa, neither of whom is a stranger to readers of UNITY. The Congress was fortunate in finding these men on the coast. Mr. Nelson is spending about six months of the year at Indio, Cal., where he is establishing a camp or colony for those who need the climate or the perfect rest a desert life may give. Indio is the first blade of grass the traveler sees on the Southern Pacific after entering the desert. It is many feet above the level of the sea, dry as a bone all the year round. But artesian wells are being found, and if Mr. Nelson's dreams are realized the desert will one day blossom with sweet potatoes, pumpkins and canteloupe. This is how one millionaire is spending his time in California. Dr. Gates is now president of Claremont College in Pomona, and was able to give some time to the Congress. Like Mr. Nelson, he is demonstrating in a practical way sociological problems, and his heart is in sympathy with the toiling millions. The trustees of the Unitarian church kindly offered their building for the entire Congress, but it was thought best to hold day sessions on neutral ground, and the evenings alternated between this and the Jewish Temple. It was greatly regretted that the pastor, through illness, was unable to be present.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

The Conqueror.

Where is Atlantis now? Where all the host
  That manned her navies and subdued the seas?
Her ancient glories e'en from history lost,
  Her empire long o'erswept by ocean's breeze!
Where is proud Egypt? Let the stones reply
  That sank in ruin long ere Europe ruled!
Where all the mighty peoples? Time passed by
  And cast a scornful glance at them befooled
By kingly pomp, blinded by rising dust
  Cast up from marching hosts that filled the world,
Ere came from out the heaven the stormy gust
  That all their splendors and their armies hurled
From the sad planet to the shore unknown!
  Where all the gold that oft some little man,
Strutting beneath the shadow of a throne,
  Boasted as something needful to the plan
Of the great universe which, else, were poor,
  Lacking his gleaming wealth and sovereign's love?
Where cities stood now lies the wind-swept moor;
  Where shining domes, smiles the cold sky above!
Now let the citizen his pride forebear—
  His pride of cash, of office, e'en of fame;
For soon will Time, despite his anxious care,
  Erase from every mind his honored name.
And yet, the Thought, the ancient Thought that flamed
  Athwart the brain that hearkened to the heaven—
That Thought, by genius e'en but lately named,
  Beyond all jewels' worth to earth was given,
A treasure safe from whirlwind and from flood,
  From Doom's award of pestilence or war,
Undying, vital as the human blood,
  And bright, in darkness, as the evening star.
That Thought, immortal lights the earthly ways,
  An angel from the palace of the skies,
Unhurt and unexultant, blame or praise
  Unheeding, cheered by all her kindred wise!
And he who, all unknown of men, beholds
  The vision fair, no longer cares for praise;
Him, sad and glad, a finer air enfolds,
  He lives triumphant through the appointed days.

OLIVER H. P. SMITH.

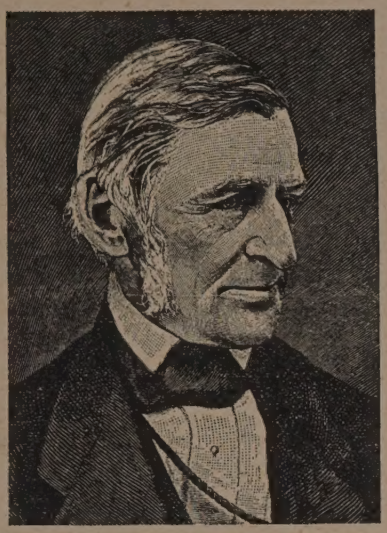
A little nine-year-old girl was walking with her father the other day past the Archbishop's residence facing Lincoln Park. She asked: "Has the priest come to live there yet?" "No," her father replied. "When is he coming?" "Next week, I think." "Will his wife come with him?" "No, he has no wife," the father said. "Has he never been married?" "No, priests are not allowed to marry." "Not even if they fall in love?" "No, not even if they fall in love." "Why, I call that a fool thing, don't you?"

So spake the child with more of human wisdom than Catholic grace. Children of an older age think the child is wiser than the Church.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



VII.

(Copyright.)

Emerson.

Memnon the Yankee! bare to every star,
But silent till one vibrant shaft of light
Strikes; then a voice, thrilling, oracular,
And clear harmonics through the Infinite.

Edward Dowden.

Emerson the Poet.

By William Herbert Carruth.

Emerson has never been a popular poet. Probably there are many admirers of the essayist, as well as many lovers of poetry, who have scarcely dipped into the "Poems," or who know perhaps only such pieces as *Each and All* and *The Problem,* which have been thrust upon their attention by readers and popular anthologies. Certainly the impression is common among teachers of literature that poetry was to Emerson only a rocky by-path where he sometimes climbed for the sake of exercise. They do not include him in their familiar group of the New England poets.

And judged by quantity alone it seems clear that Emerson himself did not feel that poetry was his calling. Yet from the quality of the best he produced one is impelled often to wish that he had devoted more time to expressing himself in verse, or to giving better finish to what he did produce. For he certainly wrote some great poems, though the quantity of these is too small to insure his canonization in the ill-defined group called great poets.

It is not difficult or unfair to define Emerson as a contemplative or philosophic poet; passion and social sentiments are not his sphere. Neither are history and heroic activity. He belongs to the school of Wordsworth, though he has gone to school to Milton and Shakespeare. But he had too strong a personality to be a tractable pupil.

God and Man and Nature—these are his chief themes; to feel them and their worth and beauty—and in this he is true preacher and poet; to understand their relation and nature—and in this he is theologian and philosopher. If we once concede that the true poet must be a creature of passionate flesh and blood and his product an expression of these, then we have drawn a line about our Parnassus which shuts Emerson out. But how much of the best poetry of the world ignores the selfish passions of mankind, and deals with the problems of human destiny and the mysteries of being! Emerson was a seer, if not a prophet; a seer into the unrealities and the realities, even though he solved no insoluble problems. What poet has?

Artistically Emerson's poetry is very unequal. But it is not by any means true, as a superficial survey sometimes suggests, that Emerson was indifferent to the artifices of verse-making, or deficient in natural musical gift. Devices for aesthetic effect are employed, it is true, with genuine Puritan restraint, but so effectively as to leave no doubt as to their being deliberate. This is probably the case in such instances of alliteration as: "Expound the Vedas of the violet," "All ate like abbots," "Soft on the southwind sleeps the haze," "Why only must thy reason fail to see the southing of the sun," "I am a willow of the wilderness," "Suffers no savor of the earth to scape," "Subtle rhymes with ruin rife," "Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild," "Or listening to the laughter of the loon," "I carve the coastwise mountains into caves."

Repetition and refrain are two musical and rhetorical aids to which Emerson resorts less frequently, but with sufficient effectiveness to show that he appreciated their quality. Instances of these occur in *The Poet:*

> "But in the darkest, meanest things,
> There alway, alway something sings,"

which recurs slightly modified some lines later. A true refrain is used in *Boston:*

> "For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

Simple rhetorical repetition is illustrated in

> "And who, and who are the travelers?
> They were Night and Day, and Day and Night."

and in

> "Fill and saturate each kind
> With good according to its mind;
> Fill each kind and saturate
> With good agreeing with its fate."

Yet it must be admitted that Emerson ignored too much, if he did not despise, "the gay celerities of art." Complete similes he uses but rarely, though his speech is alive with metaphor. His versification is notably simple. He does not often submit to the restraints of the stanza, and when he occasionally does, it is almost always the quatrain with alternate rhymes. Only once, I believe, does he go further, in *Boston,* where he adds to the quatrain a rhymed couplet, and even this he must needs break away from before he is through. *The Sphynx* and *The World-Soul* are no exception to this statement, for their eight-line stanzas are such only to the eye, being joined quatrains, and very unmusical at that.

But the simple quatrains in Emerson's best spirit are very good indeed. For instance, the first stanza of the *Concord Hymn,*

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Although I have heard fretful critics carp at 'embattled' as being an 'impossible word,' and at the imperfect rhymes 'flood; stood,' I find that my satisfaction in the lines grows every time I repeat them. And that other first stanza, of the *Ode, Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July* 4, 1857,

> "O tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire;
> One morn is in the mighty heaven,
> And one in our desire."

In this kind, can anything be more satisfying musically? Yet I have often wondered what the choir did on that occasion if it came unprepared to the fifth stanza, where there is a foot to boot in the second line.

Emerson was fond of tetrameters, and of these in

rhymed couplets, though he used still shorter lines to a considerable extent. Dancing, galloping three-syllabled feet are not his pace; only in the beginning of the *Ode to Beauty,* and in *Each and All* are they employed freely. Iambics and trochees, in irregular and sometimes effective alternation—that is the metrical character of the great bulk of the Poems. At the same time, some of the best pieces, as *Sea-Shore, The Snow-Storm, The Adirondacks,* are in blank verse.

But Emerson's muse is an ethereal creature. Her greatest charms are of the soul, the thought. Few poets with so small a bulk have so many haunting lines and striking, quotable phrases. I could fill several columns with such delectable, unsurpassable hits as these: The elastic tent of day, the taciturnity of Time, the reverent darkness, that sculptured countenance, this scrap of valor (the titmouse), smug success, (the cable) pulsating with ductile fire, gold-moth-haunted pickerel-flower, the opal-colored days, vagrant booming of the air, the blasphemy of grief, the morn's soft and silvered air, the uncontinented deep, the cunning chemist Time, sloth urbane, the wide thaw and ooze of wrong, the insanity of towns, our sumptuous indigence—I say I could fill several columns, but I must stop.

For there is that greater and dearer treasure of complete sayings, which holds condensed and crystallized the noblest of Emerson's thoughts:

For the world was built in order
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe and time the warder,
The sun obeys them and the moon.

The Lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the Lord that shall be;
The Lord is hay, the peasant grass.

And God said, "Throb," and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

'Twas one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow.

Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind.

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

Kings unborn shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.

All good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.

The wondrous child
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round.

The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

O ostrich-like forgetfulness!
O loss of larger in the less!
Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that angel child?

* * * * *

The brook into the stream runs on,
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

So deep and large her bounties are
That one broad, long midsummer day
Shall to the planet overpay
The ravage of a year of war.

Daily the bending skies solicit man.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

Here was this atom in full breath
Hurling defiance at vast death.

And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms.

July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hand.

The quaking earth did quake in rhyme,
Seas ebbed and flowed in epic chime.

Mountain top and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs.

The hero is not fed on sweets;
Daily his own heart he eats.

There's no god dare harm a worm.

The little Shakespeare in the maiden's heart
Makes Romeo of a ploughboy on his cart.

His mother died—the only friend he had—
Some tears escaped, but his philosophy,
Couched like a cat, sat watching close behind
And throttled all his passion.

Unless to thought is added will,
Apollo is an imbecile.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

It does not win friends for a poet to analyze him and comment on him. I feel that it is much better to give up my space to good quotations than to show what kind of a poet Emerson was, and how many kinds of poet he was not. He certainly was a poet, and even a great poet, on our reduced American scale of poetic greatness—Longfellow and Lowell and the rest of the New England group regarded him as their best, so Whipple tells us. And if I may recommend a small number of samples to those who have not yet learned to love Emerson's verse, I will select: *Each and All, The Problem, Good Bye, The Snow-Storm, Concord Hymn, Sea-Shore, Thine Eyes Still Shined, Voluntaries, Threnody, The Adirondacks, Woodnotes, Blight, Musketaquid, Alphonso of Castile, The Humble Bee, Days, Letters, Hamatreya.*

Doubtless the first two are the best and the noblest in sentiment, but there is immense satisfaction and magnificent condensation in *Good Bye* and *Sea-Shore.*

The man or woman who is obliged to battle with a seemingly indifferent and selfish world,

"Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
Of that reform which their hard toil will make
The common birthright of the age to come,"

and who is not by nature a lobbyist and a "mixer," will find his very soul breathed out for him, as he retreats from the fray at night, in

"Good bye, proud world, I'm going home;
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through the weary crowds I roam;
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home!"

Yet there is a strong flavor of disappointment and pessimism in these lines, which only the bravest warriors have a right to indulge in. There is no fly in the clear ointment of *Sea-Shore:*

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,

Purger of earth and nourisher of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
* * * * * *
My paths lead out
The exodus of nations.
* * * * * *
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some strange isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die."

Was ever the elusive spell that led Stevenson to Samoa so clearly and so simply expressed! If the man who wrote those lines had written five thousand like them he would have been a great poet beyond all cavil. Why is he not a great poet as it is?

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROFANITY.

Proverbs or Verses.

"The language denotes the man."
"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."
"We will take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both."
—*Shakespeare.*

"As the man, so is his speech."
"It is more necessary to guard the mouth than the chest."
"Speech is the picture of the mind."
"Put a key on thy tongue."
"No one ever repented for having held his tongue."
"Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together."—*L'Estrange.*
"Keep your tongue within your teeth."
"His tongue goes always on errands, but never speeds."
"He cannot speak well who cannot hold his tongue."
"Confine your tongue lest it confine you."
"An unbridled tongue is the worst of diseases."—*Euripides.*

Dialogue.

Did you ever hear a man swear? "Yes," you say, "we certainly have."

How about boys? "It is the same," you admit. "We have even heard boys swear."

Which do you think is worse, for boys or for men to use such language? "Not much difference either way," you answer. Perhaps you are right.

Is it, after all, a nice or a manly thing to swear, or to use profane language? Is it a good sort of habit to have? "No," you confess, "surely not."

But suppose a boy does swear sometimes, or quite a good deal, is often given to using profane language, is it certain that he will stop it when he grows up and becomes a man? "No," you assert, "that is not at all sure."

But why not? All he will have to do will be to cease using the same kind of language he was using as a boy. "Oh yes," you add, "but he has formed the habit of swearing and it will be found no easy matter to break it off."

Do you mean to tell me, for instance, that one cannot very easily change one's way of using words? What if one has used bad grammar until he is grown up, or pronounced words in a wrong way. Can one then not find out what good grammar is, and afterwards make use of the words in the right way? "It will not be so easy," you insist.

But why not? What will prevent him from at once making the change? "Oh," you reply, "he has formed a habit of talking in that way." Yes, you are quite right on that point. People who would really like to use correct language and speak gramatically when they are grown up, sometimes never can learn quite how to do it. "True," you point out, "it is because of the way they talk when they are boys or girls."

Again, therefore, I ask, which may be worse, for a boy or for a man to swear? "As to that," you acknowledge, "perhaps after all it is even worse for a boy, because it will be more difficult for him to get rid of the habit when he is grown up."

But what do people swear for? When you hear a boy using profane language, why is he talking in that way?

"Oh," you explain, "he may be angry and he is letting out his bad feelings." If that is true, using profane language does not show a very nice sort of a spirit, does it?

But have you ever heard persons using such language when they are not angry at all, just merely in conversation with other persons? "Yes," you answer, "it does happen."

What do they do it for? What reason is there in it, or what sense? "Oh," you assure me, "perhaps they think it *sounds* fine."

But what do you mean by that? Would you imply that everybody who listens to it, admires them for it? "No, not quite that," you answer; "but perhaps it makes them feel important to use such language." You think, then, do you, that swearing is a way of "showing off," appearing "smart."

For my part I really believe that is the case. In my opinion people swear mainly as a way of showing off. They are calling attention to themselves.

What, by the way, was the bird or animal we mentioned as seeming to show pride? "The peacock?" Yes. And what does the peacock seem to do? "Strut," you tell me. True, that is just it.

Then you assume that swearing is a way of strutting like the peacock. After all, would there not be something contemptible in using profane language under those circumstances, even if there were no other objection to it?

Did you ever see a person who had clothes on that were too big for him? "Oh yes," you smile. When a boy, for instance, puts on a man's hat, how does he look? "Why," you say, "it is ridiculous. We laugh at him."

And suppose a man, for instance, should put on a hat twice too big for himself and walk along the street with it on, what would people do? "They would smile."

Have you ever noticed that when persons are not very brave, they sometimes talk in a very bold sort of a way and use bad language? Does it strike you that profanity may be very much like assuming something on the outside which does not correspond with what you have inside, as if you were wearing a hat that is too big for you, showing off, or calling attention to yourself?

After all, you see, swearing is something really contemptible. It is using words which seem too big for us, and people appear to "swell out," as it were, when they swear, just as a peacock swells out.

By the way, do girls ever use profane language? You smile at that, I see. "Sometimes," you say. But do they swear as much as boys or as much as men? "No," you answer, "not in the same way."

What do you mean by that? "Oh," you tell me, "girls may use other words. They may employ phrases which sound just as bad for them as profane language would for boys or men."

Then do you think it is swearing? "It is pretty much the same thing," you insist. Yes, I suspect you are right. You see, swearing does not depend altogether on the special words one uses. Girls can make themselves as contemptible with their kind of showy language, as boys or men can with their profanity.

But is there any other very serious reason which makes swearing not only contemptible, but *bad?* What kind of words do we usually associate with profanity?

"Sacred words," you say. You mean, then, do you, by sacred words those names or words which are solemn to many people?

Do you mean to say that the use of those solemn or sacred words at any time may be swearing or profanity? "Oh no," you explain, "it is when one employs them lightly, or in order to make one's language seem strong, or in order to show off, or when one is angry, then it is swearing." Yes, you are right.

But what if some one to whom these words are very sacred, happens to hear another man swearing, how does it affect him? "Why," you admit, "it must, of course, be painful."

Why should he care? He does not use those words in that way himself. Let me give you an illustration. What if you heard another boy talking slightingly about your father or mother, how would you feel? "Hurt," you answer. Yes, most decidedly hurt.

But why should you care? Why should you not just turn away and not listen? "Oh," you assert, "one could not do that with regard to one's father or mother."

Then do you think it might be shameful or bad for another person to speak contemptuously in your presence about your father or mother? "Yes, we do," you exclaim.

And now what if these words used in profane language are just as sacred to other people as your father and mother are sacred to you? If you employ those words slightingly in their presence, is it not low or mean on your part? Is it not really just the same as if you were talking contemptuously about their father or mother? It is almost like striking them a blow.

So you see it is not only contemptible or undignified to use profanity, but it is also low and unmanly to use lightly those names which are solemn or sacred to other people.

And yet all we have said about swearing may seem of trifling importance, in comparison to the further reason against it, which we have not even mentioned. What commandment against it have we heard about, which was put forward hundreds and thousands of years ago? Do you remember?

"Yes, indeed," you assure me. And what was it, I ask. "Why," you exclaim, " 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' "

What, then, do we call swearing? It is the word we have already used, beginning with "p." "Profanity," you suggest. Yes, exactly. If, for instance, a man were to speak slightingly of his mother, would it shock us? "Surely," you tell me. Why? "There is no 'why' about it," you answer. It would be just awful." Yes, that is true.

Does it not seem a little strange, then, that people who would never dream of speaking slightingly of their mothers, or who would never tolerate that anyone else should do this, on the other hand are careless in talking in this way about the great Maker and Father of all? If the names of one's human father and mother are sacred to us, should not the name of the great Father who made all things, be even more sacred?

I wonder what it suggests to you when you hear people using such language, taking sacred names 'in vain"? I should call it "brutishness." If swine could think and talk, I should fancy them filling in the time when not eating, by using vulgar swear words and speaking slightingly of their Maker.

But you ask: "If this is true, why do men swear? Why should they be like swine? Why should they put themselves on the level with brutes?"

It would be hard for me to give you an answer. Sometimes it would seem as if it really required an effort for people to act like men, and not like beasts.

This much we can say, that *man as man* never swears. It is man as brute or beast, who takes the name of his Maker in vain or uses carelessly and slightingly the name of the Father-over-All. The commandment has come down to us over these thousands of years, as one of the great charges to all the world: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

Points of the Lesson.

I. That it may be even worse for a boy or girl to swear than for a grown person, because it would be even harder to give up the habit afterwards.

II. That swearing is contemptible, because it is showing off with big words and is a form of vanity or conceit.

III. That swearing is vulgar and ungentlemanly, because it is offensive to others.

IV. That swearing is wrong, because it hurts the feelings of others concerning what they may hold as sacred.

Duties.

I. We ought not to swear, because swearing is dealing lightly with sacred things.

II. We ought not to swear, because in doing so, we are "taking God's name in vain" and are guilty of profanity toward the Deity.

Poem: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: As to whether it is deemed advisable to introduce the last feature concerning profanity, will depend on whether it has been decided to introduce the religious phase into these lessons. If the school where they are used is pledged to neutrality on such matters, then this further aspect can be passed over. We have inserted it on the supposition that the teacher is to exercise his own judgment in the matter. There is also the fact to be considered in connection with this whole subject that with a miscellaneous class of children, if one speaks too emphatically one may be reflecting on their parents. And here we should be at the danger point. If the young people mingle with persons who are given more or less to a careless use of the name of the Deity, then the "wickedness" of such language may not come out clearly, and we may find it difficult to impress this point on the minds of the young. It depends a good deal on the child himself or on his surroundings, as to what motives we may reach in their minds. But a great deal can be done in making them feel how contemptible profanity *sounds*. What we are aiming at is to discourage them in the use of such language; and if we can throw an element of the ridiculous around it or make it seem contemptible, if nothing more, we may be able to get at their feelings in that way. While drawing the comparison between swearing among boys on the one hand and grown people on the other, and showing that it may often be worse in the young, we are not to let them assume that it is dignified language for *any* class of persons. In fact the point could be brought out that a man makes himself often even *more* ridiculous in using such language, because he is acting like a boy, in trying to show off with high-sounding words. The term "unmanly," if not introduced too often, is very effective, in throwing a sense of opprobrium upon certain language or conduct. But we must take care that this word is not introduced too frequently so as to become a commonplace. Do not let the girls who may be members of the class, be indifferent to this subject of profanity. Make them feel that their "slang" can often be just as bad or contemptible as swearing among boys. If possible, of course, we wish to bring home the fact that profanity at root is a state of the mind or heart, rather than a mere act of the tongue. But it will depend on the age of the pupils as to whether this more advanced thought can be made effective. We are aware that a strict and scholarly interpretation of the commandment in the Decalogue might not admit of the latitude we have given to the meaning of profanity. But we apply the words in the sense in which they are conventionally understood.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From William S. Lord, of Evanston, and printed by the Lakeside Press, Chicago, I have a volume, full of reminiscence, from my old time parishioner and highly esteemed friend, Celia Parker Woolley. The book is entitled "The Western Slope"; meaning that some of us are in the afternoon of life. But you would not think so from reading this volume. To tell the truth, I expected to read a rather sober and somewhat functional discussion of pulpit topics. I began reading, and was delighted. The book is full of the most charmingly forward-looking recollections—that is, recollections of good old times—that I have laid my hands on for a long while. There is not a dull paragraph in the book. I was afraid, when I turned to some of the humorous pages; but I was quickly reminded that the author never failed for keen wit. It will be difficult to find any popular theme that has stirred the people for a day or for a year, that is not here recalled, and made to live over again, in such a way as to be delightful reading. Mrs. Woolley has not waited to get clear down into the valley before she has told us her experiences. I am glad that I had the pleasure of living part of them with her. The book is better than her novels, by all odds; which is not to say her novels are not first-rate reading.

On the Study Table lies a very peculiar volume. It is a selection of the writings of Senator Ingalls, of Kansas; consisting of essays, addresses and orations, published by the Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo. Ingalls is rightly described as Kansas Incarnate; but it must be remembered that Kansas was made up of a select element from Massachusetts; the most vigorous, determined, aggressive element that could be sifted out of the old Commonwealth. Nearly every man of them was a poet and a dreamer. It made John Brown, Senator Lane, and Senator Ingalls. These men were willing to do something more than talk freedom; they were willing to lay down their lives for the principles which they believed. It is curious also to find how many of them could write well, as well as fight well. Mr. Ingalls, probably better than any other single man, stood for the whole State of Kansas. He was patriotic; full of great ideas concerning humanity and duty; quick at repartee; a grand presiding officer. Someone has compared him to John Randolph; and the comparison is not a bad one, for Randolph was certainly Incarnate Virginia. The volume opens with a sonnet from the pen of Mr. Ingalls, which makes us sure that, had he not been drawn into political life, his literary career would have been exceedingly brilliant. It would be difficult to find anywhere anything to compare with the essays and orations in this volume. They are absolutely unique in style, in pungency, and in that something which we must describe as westernism. The sonnet stands alone in the book as a product of world genius. We print it below.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
  Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
  Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
  Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
  I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise, before
  I turn away. It is the hour of fate;
  And they who follow me reach every state
  Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
  Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain; and uselessly implore.
I answer not; and I return no more!

E. P. P.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams. Richard W. Boynton. Frederick W. Burlingham. John W. Chadwick. Francis A. Christie. Joseph H. Crooker. Frederick E. Dewhurst. John Faville. George W. Gilmore. Fred. V. Hawley. Emil Hirsch. Albert Lazenby. Charles W. Pearson. Granville Ross Pike. Henry M. Simmons. Frederick Starr. Joseph Stolz. Hiram W. Thomas. Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White. E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO, ALL SOULS CHURCH.—During the absence of Mr. Jones in California his pulpit has been occupied by Prof. G. B. Smith of Chicago University, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley and Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Secretary Western Unitarian Conference. March 29 the sermon will be given by Prof. G. B. Foster of the University of Chicago. On March 22 Mr. Jones spoke at the Memorial Chapel of Leland Stanford University on "The Harmonies of Worship." He was the guest of Dr. R. Heber Newton. President David Starr Jordan will occupy Mr. Jones' pulpit April 5. He will speak on "The Call of the Twentieth Century." On Easter Sunday the congregation hope to welcome home their pastor.

Foreign Notes.

THE CENTENARY OF EDGAR QUINET. His Youth.—Edgar Quinet was born February 17, 1803. The formal celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth took place in Paris, March 1, 1903, at the Sorbonne, President Loubet himself presiding. A memorial discourse was delivered by M. Chaumie, Minister of Public Instruction, but before this came the mid-February issue of the bulletin of the Union for Moral Action, a Quinet memorial number from whose two leading articles are gathered the following details of the life and work of this French writer and philosopher, the friend of Michelet, whom he survived but little more than a year.

The father of Quinet, a distinguished and original investigator, was war commissary to the army of the Rhine. When the little Edgar was three years old, Mme. Quinet rejoined her husband at Wesel, where they lived in a palace full of soldiers, the troopers returned from Austerlitz. These made a great pet of the little boy, who was no less fond of them, and in their company played soldier with a reality and completeness as to detail such as falls to the lot of few youngsters. At eight years of age he was sent to school at Charolles to an old captain of dragoons, whose class exercise consisted mainly in reviewing the cavalry maneuvres in which he had taken part, the text-books of the little folks serving to represent the squadrons and regiments. Early in 1812 this school was broken up, the building being used as a storage place for forage for the horses of the *"Grand Armée."* Soon came the invaders, and the little lad, at an age most sensitive to external impressions, was elbowed about by Austrian soldiers in his father's house. So he saw in quick succession two pictures: first, France, victorious and invincible; later, France vanquished and captive. To these experiences may be traced his passionate love of country and of the very name of France, his strong national feeling.

It has been said that up to 1815 Quinet had no regular school instruction. Why should any one trouble to educate sons destined to conscription and probable death in some foreign land? Only after the fall of Napoleon did men think again of mental culture. But all who write of Quinet agree in attributing all that he was and did largely to his wise, broad-minded mother. So with all his free out-door life, which made the wild marshy stretches of Bresse, its lonely horizons, its mists and its woodlands seem almost a part of himself, there were some quiet hours each day when she made the little lad her companion, reading and discussing with him Hamlet and Macbeth, the Characters of La Bruyère, the dramatic works of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire.

Quinet's father was a catholic, his mother a protestant. No other worship than the catholic being known in Bresse, his mother had the child baptized. The priest, Père Pichon, was

an old trappist who had spent the evil days of the Revolution in a hermitage where he well nigh forgot how to talk, but his stammering masses were regularly attended by Mme. Quinet and her boy. If at thirteen the latter made his first communion with an almost mystical fervor it was due less to the instructions of the old Provençal missionary who taught him the catechism than to the lessons of his mother. She was wont to pray with him as the spirit moved wherever they might be in field or garden, among flowers and bees, or in the quiet woods, her prayers being "talks with God," the spontaneous outpouring of the moment's needs, its sadness, cares or joys.

Between the masses of old Père Pichon and his mother's prayers Quinet grew up with no knowledge or suspicion of the conflicts of dogma, and without suffering from them. A sort of spontaneous reconciliation of catholicism and protestantism had taken place in him. When he approached the mysteries of the church it was with a sincerely religious but a perfectly free and open mind. He became a resolute enemy of the church, but—in the words of Mr. Henry Michel, from whose article many of these details are taken—he never believed that one could successfully struggle against her without offering some sustenance to those needs of the soul which the church has labored through so many centuries to arouse and to satisfy.

It is not strange that after such training as has been indicated, when he entered on his philosophical studies at Lyons at the age of fourteen, it was with a maturity of thought, a keenness of intelligence and power of application that soon made him master of the Latin authors from Lucretius to Ovid, Horace and Virgil, Livy and Tacitus to Gregory of Tours, and not merely of the Roman authors but the Italians as well: Dante, Petrarch, Aristotle, Tasso, whom he read at night, absorbing from them a passionate love of Italy.

Along with all this literary culture went enthusiastic study of the higher mathematics under a teacher whom he revered. To this study he felt that he owed "the conviction of certitude, a love of clearness and an unquenchable thirst for truth."

In 1820 he passed through an intellectual crisis common to many young men of that time. France must regain her lost rank, not in the domain of arms but of ideas. The young student and solitary, passing the autumn at his dear Certines in Bresse, saw two directions in which he might go; one represented by Chateaubriand, whose style he admired, was that of the past, the Middle Ages; the other represented by Mme. de Staël, led toward the future, the future of liberty. This latter was his choice, and his unwavering aim hereafter the complete enfranchisement of the human spirit.

At a later date he came under the influence of German philosophy, to which he owes an occasional vagueness in style and thought. At twenty he translated Herder's Philosophy of the History of Mankind with a personal introduction, which Goethe called to the attention of Germany's men of letters. In 1827 he visited Germany and made personal acquaintance with Niebuhr, Schlegel, Uhland, Creutzer and others.

Such were some of the influences that formed the man; a character so true to itself that in 1836 he could write to his mother: "Everything I have done I am glad to have done. I regret only some of the things I was obliged to relinquish, never, never, those that I have done. . . . As I have always known definitely what I wanted, no consequences that the accomplishment might entail have ever turned me back from what I had once purposed and desired. Either I have foreseen these results or they have seemed as nothing compared with the satisfaction experienced in carrying out my purpose." This was true to the end. Through all the trials destiny had in store for him he was always unshaken, master of himself, superior to events.

These notes are already growing too long, so the story of Quinet's manhood with its achievement and its trials must be left to another week. M. E. H.

Books Received.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
"William Ellery Channing." By John W. Chadwick. $1.75.

EVOLUTION PUBLISHING CO., 70 STATE ST., CHICAGO.
"The Evolution of Man and His Mind." By S. V. Clevenger, M. D.

ULSTER UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 35 ROSEMARY ST., BELFAST.
"Memorials of Robert Spears, 1825-1899."

THE SAVOY PUBLISHING CO., SAVOY STEPS, STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND.
"All These Things Added." By James Allen.
"Henry Ashton. By R. A. Dague, Alameda, Cal.

GINN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
"Addresses on War." By Charles Sumner.
"The Future of War." By Jean De Bloch.

THE MURDOCK PRESS, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
"The Things That Abide." By Owen Leslie Elliott.

DODD, MEAD & CO., 372 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.
"Our Neighbors." By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.

JAMES H. WEST CO., BOSTON.
"The Dawn of the New Era." By Abbie Daniels Mason. 75 cents.

California Wealth.

The reports made by the savings banks of San Francisco recently show deposits of $156,817,637. This immense sum exceeds the record of all former years, and represents about $380 per capita. As this is more than three times the average savings bank deposit per capita for the whole United States, it is certainly a good showing; nor is it confined to San Francisco. The returns from the banks of the state, save National banks, show an aggregate increase of assets for the year of $55,376,024. This exceeds the highest former record of gain by $24,371,497, a very satisfactory state of affairs.

California is not simply a land for the tourist, but for the investor and the farmer. Perhaps no other farmers enjoy so large an income as California farmers. A rate per cent. on the investments that would satisfy the Eastern farmer is considered very meager here. Fruit farming has always been profitable; fortunes have been made in oranges, and the yield of alfalfa makes dairying a paying industry.

Land is lower in price than it will ever be again, and rates from the East over the Southern Pacific lines are now based on a fare of $33 from Chicago, so that it is a good time to see the state. This rate will expire June 15. Write W. G. Neimyer, general agent Southern Pacific, 193 Clark street, Chicago.

ARE YOU A
SUNDAY SCHOOL
TEACHER OR OFFICER?
If so, write for a free copy of a booklet setting forth a system of organization and records which constitutes a most wholesome incentive, increasing the attendance and enhancing the interest of Sunday school scholars wherever tried. :: Highly recommended by Pastors and Superintendents throughout the United States and Canada. In writing, give name of Superintendent and Secretary, size and denomination of School.
Address Mrs. Mary G. Eastman, Oxford, Mich.

FARM LIFE
—IN—
CALIFORNIA
Pays Dividends in Comfort and Coin and is the most Attractive Country Life in the World....
Special Rates via
Southern Pacific
Until June 15th.
From Chicago $33.00
From St. Louis and Memphis 30.00
From Omaha and Kansas City 25.00
A New Home easily made where there is "No Tyranny of the Seasons and Everything Grows."
Write W. G. NEIMYER
General Agent Southern Pacific,
173 Clark Street, :: :: Chicago, Ill.

Something New for Easter

POEM

BY EVELYN H. WALKER

"The Assurance of Things Not Seen"

Illustrated by BERTHA E. JAQUES

.....Price 10 Cents.....

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

BOOKS.

"The School of the Woods." Wm. J. Long. Net, postpaid $1.50
"In God's Out of Doors." Wm. A. Quayle. Net, postpaid 1.75
"Our National Parks." John Muir. Net, postpaid 1.75
"Our Native Trees." Harriet L. Keeler. Net, postpaid 2.00
"How to Attract the Birds." Blanchan. Net, postpaid 1.35
"Handbook of Birds of Western United States." Mrs. F. M. Bailey. Net, postpaid . . 3.50

THE PILGRIM PRESS

175 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

LITTLE journeys to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tours via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have been issued for those interested and will be sent on receipt of postage, as follows:

"Colorado-California," six cents.
"In Lakeland" and "Summer Homes," six cents.
"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

A new publication just off the press. The best and most comprehensive work on Nebraska ever issued. It gives a host of valuable information, is filled with illustrations, has a large sectional map of the State, and fuly explains why Nebraska is the place where men who want to get ahead should go. There is no country in America where the opportunities are greater. Send to me for a copy. No charge. P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager C., B. & Q. Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

Suggestions for Easter.

Extracts from Letters to Girls, by John Ruskin, with a Lenten Sermon to Girls by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Portrait of Ruskin. White and green illustrated cover. Price 35 cents.

"Nuggets from a Welsh Mine." Extracts from the writings of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, compiled by Olive E. Weston. Price $1.00.

These selections, brief paragraphs all, are classified under some fifteen heads; as, The Home, The School, The Church, The City, Nature, Art, Religion, etc. Moral vigor and humane sympathy, religious warmth, rational insight and zeal for reality and truth are tersely and aptly expressed throughout. —From THE OUTLOOK.

DEATH AS A FRIEND
THE SELFISHNESS OF GRIEF
THE DUAL MYSTERY { What Is Materialism? / What Is Spirituality?
10 cents each. Address

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 LANGLEY AVE., CHICAGO.

EUROPE

IDEAL SUMMER TOUR

Small select party sails June 27th via Gibraltar for

ITALY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, HOLLAND, BELGIUM, PARIS and LONDON.

Address

Tenth Season. Dr. Augusta Chapin,
Terms Moderate. 37 Hamilton Terrace, NEW YORK CITY.

Good board from $7 a week up; the most healthful climate in the world; mountain scenery famous the world over. Fine trout fishing; golf links; large and small game in plenty. That is what you will find in Colorado. It is the ideal place for rest and health and now that the railroads have made such very low ticket rates and the fast trains have shortened the distance so, is there really any reason why you should not spend your vacation in Colorado? Kindly ask me for information about rates and trains and for a copy of our handbook of Colorado, which tells all about the hotels and their prices. Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager C., B. & Q. Ry. Co., Chicago.

Books! Books! Books!

We will be glad to buy your books for you.
We will use all the intelligence and care at our command in the selection of Sunday School, Church, or Private Libraries.

Lists of Books

on special subjects, with prices, furnished on application.

Lowest prices and prompt service.
Correspondence solicited.
Send your orders to

Unity Publishing Company,
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Telephone, Oakland 1102.

THE "ALTON'S" ENGINEER

IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A NICE HALF-TONE ENGRAVING, 4½x3 INCHES, OF THE ABOVE PICTURE, SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS TO

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO & ALTON RAILWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

$33.00 TO THE

Pacific Coast

from Chicago daily, February 15 to April 30.

Daily and Personally Conducted Excursions in

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars

Only $6.00 double berth. Choice of routes. Dining cars, meals a la carte. The only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. The direct route. Fast time. Splendid service. Three trains a day to

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland

All ticket agents sell tickets via this route. Write for particulars to W. B. KNISKERN, Pass'r Traffic Manager, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Fingers roughened by needlework catch every stain and look hopelessly dirty. **Hand Sapolio** removes not only the dirt, but also the loosened, injured cuticle, and ***restores the fingers to their natural beauty.***

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Founded, 1844.
New Endowments.
No Doctrinal Tests.
Modern Program.
Ample Equipment.
Thorough Training for College Graduates. Special provision for others.

Send for Catalogue to
President F. C. Southworth

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

OMAHA
SIOUX CITY

THE ST. PAUL ROAD

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

SHORT LINE

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

ILLINOIS CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CENTRAL ROUTE RAILROAD

New Line from Chicago via Rockford, Freeport, Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fine service and fast "Limited" night train, with Stateroom and Open-section Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car through without change. Dining Car Service.

City Ticket Office,
99 Adams St. Tel. Central 2705.

BULLETIN
MONON TRAINS
On Time

MONON ROUTE

AND

C. H. & D. RWY.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS, AND CINCINNATI.

4 Trains daily

CITY OFFICE 232 CLARK ST., CHICAGO

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAINS BETWEEN
Chicago, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha,
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis,
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

City Ticket Office: 95 Adams Street.
Union Passenger Station
Madison, Adams and Canal Streets
Chicago.